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Vol. 1

No. 9

APRIL 1936



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VOL. ONE
No. 9

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE MOTION PICTURE IN INDIA

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LILY PONS



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Our Autograph Album
TEN ART PLATES



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SARASWATI CINETONE, POONA

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OUR PROBLEM OF THE YEAR

THE crying need of our film industry is finance. We are no longer so backward in technique. We have also commercialized Art like the Americans though with lesser success. After twenty-five years of picture making we know what a picture ought to be.

What we need is finance, not only that but a sound system of finance.

Without money we cannot buy all the modern equipment that is so necessary for producing a good picture. And that money must be available in plenty and on reasonable commercial terms.

This is the great 1936 problem which our well-established banks should tackle.

Through numerous setbacks and difficulties our film industry has lived through twenty-five years and progressed steadily though painfully.

From the production of silent pictures, we are producing over a couple of hundred "talkies" every year. Now we are going to have pictures in Technicolour. All this means PROGRESS.

Imagine the difficulties we had to go through to attain this PROGRESS. Our producers had no technical training. They are men drawn from all ranks of life — from the grocer to the restaurant keeper. They are definitely not artists. But now some of them are and good ones too. They had no education and some of them still have none and yet they have shown solid progress during the last so many years of struggle and pioneering. They had no money and they had gone to fleecing "tin-gods" and borrowed at choking rates of interest and somehow helped the industry to progress.



The Government has not been kind to us. In our pursuit of progress we had to jump over huge hurdles of customs duties and pass through the annoying apathy of officialdom. It has been a continuous, never-ending steeple chase. And yet we have progressed.

The competition of the foreign pictures has been intense particularly in the last two years. American pictures have been kidnapping our legitimate audiences. Our theatres have been empty while English theatres have been full. And still we have kept on producing and some of our great pictures are running ten and twelve weeks at a stretch. That is progress - in spite of difficulties.

We have progressed and are progressing every day whatever happens. Our industry which is fast becoming indigenous is destined to live for ever through good and bad times. We have progressed up to that point of certainty.

And why?

Because our market is never dying and permanent. Indian talkies will always be needed. Admitted, that we must give better pictures and we are giving better and still better pictures from day to day. There is a constant demand for our pictures which has helped us to progress in spite of numerous difficulties.

The very fact that our industry has lived and progressed through terrible times is an argument for the stability of the industry. Our financiers should take note of that.

It is a pity that all our public leaders have thrown themselves into politics and forgotten their industries. If some of them looked to our industry, it will be soon established. Politics is not an industry. It is a pursuit. While picture making is an industry that employs thousands and educates millions.

Our banks have millions lying idle. It is a pity that all this idle money is in the hands of unenterprising idlers. A very small fraction of our wealth in the banks will rebuild our film industry on an indigenous basis. But we have a queer community of bankers. Their wisdom lies in being stupid, and their enterprise in being idle. They are bankers because their ancestors were bankers. The ancestors died with their instinct of making money. They left the money for our present day bankers, but took away the instinct with them. That has left these fools in a paradise wondering what to do with all their money. They have not thought of our industries, so many of which need money.

We appealed to the Motion Picture Society of India to rouse these bankers by giving them a rousing dinner, after which they may chew the problems of our industry. But evidently the Society does not seem to mean well for the industry, because they have done nothing to remedy this grievance. We have lost faith in the Society not only because of this, but because they have lost other battles in other fields. We shall write about the Society in detail some other time, in the meanwhile let us leave it to enjoy its singing and dancing pantomimes of cinema actresses while our industry is going about with a beggar's bowl for protection and finance. The Society has missed its purpose and lost its conscience.

POOR MISGUIDED SOULS!

There is a cinema weekly in Calcutta called "Filmindia." It is supposed to be written in English. To be truthful it is no doubt printed in English. S. Gupta, an obscure name in our film industry, is the clever Editor. In its Editorial of the 19th March the clever Editor has written something about Director Shantaram, which we have failed to understand. Why not publish the original Bengali, so that people who are interested may at least get the same translated? Why pretend to write English when one cannot even convey what one feels about? From what little we have understood, the Editor, Mr. Gupta, deplors the tendency of the Bombay producers, including of course Mr. Shantaram, for "Back to the Village" themes in their pictures. He considers this choice inconsistent in "a most mechanically advanced age" as he puts it. He has probably forgotten what the great Bengali director, Debaki Bose, tried to do in his picture "Life is a Stage".

We think that Mr. Gupta is himself badly in need of going "Back to the Village." He does not seem to have taken kindly to city life and evidently cannot keep pace with the speed and intelligence of modern times. Mr. Gupta belongs to the village and it is a fatal mistake for him to be in a city and particularly doing experimental work in journalism which might land him in a mad house. Poor soul, he must go back to save his family.

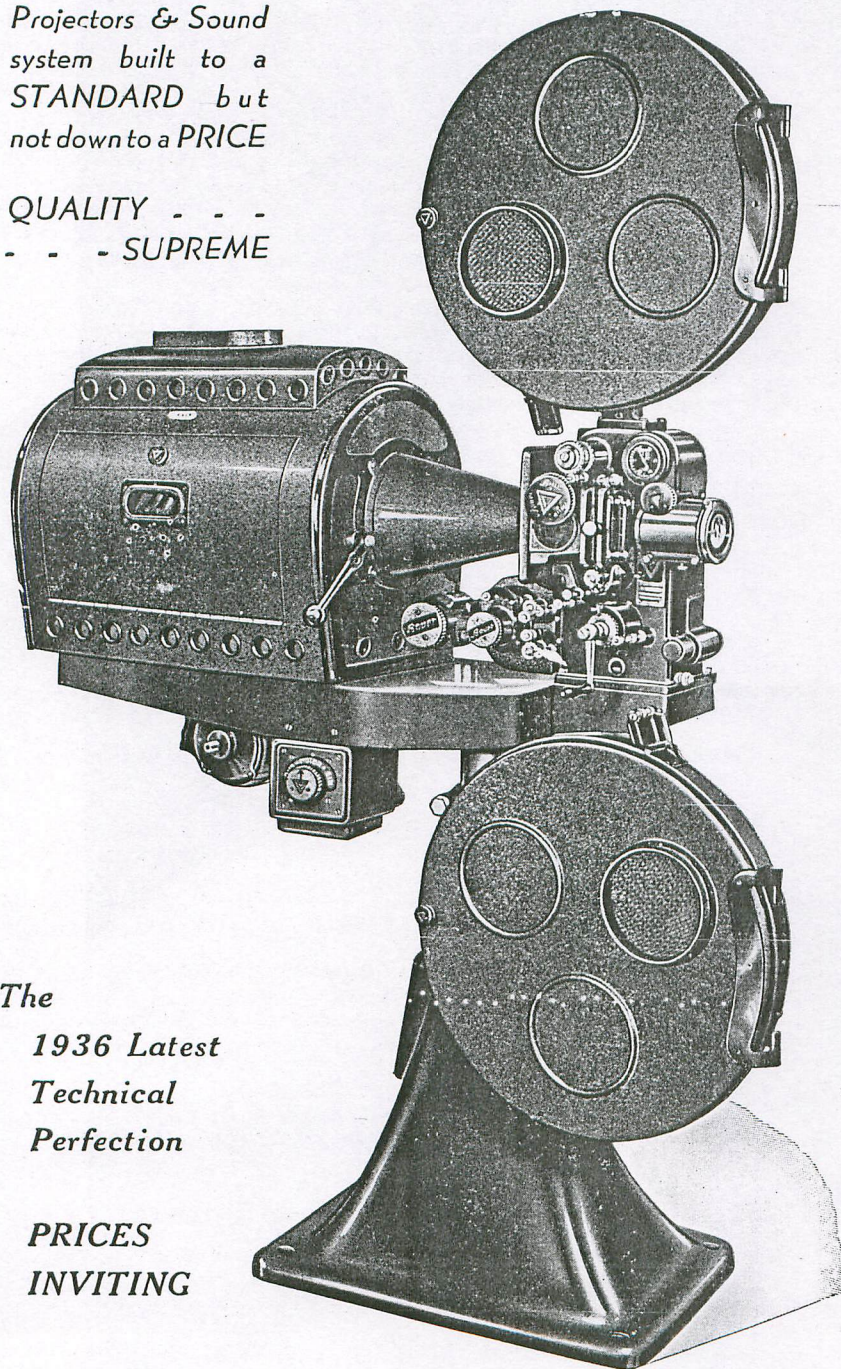
On the way he may as well take his reviewer Mr. J. N. M. (Just Not Much) "back to the village" and put him in a school to learn the English language. He needs the training badly.

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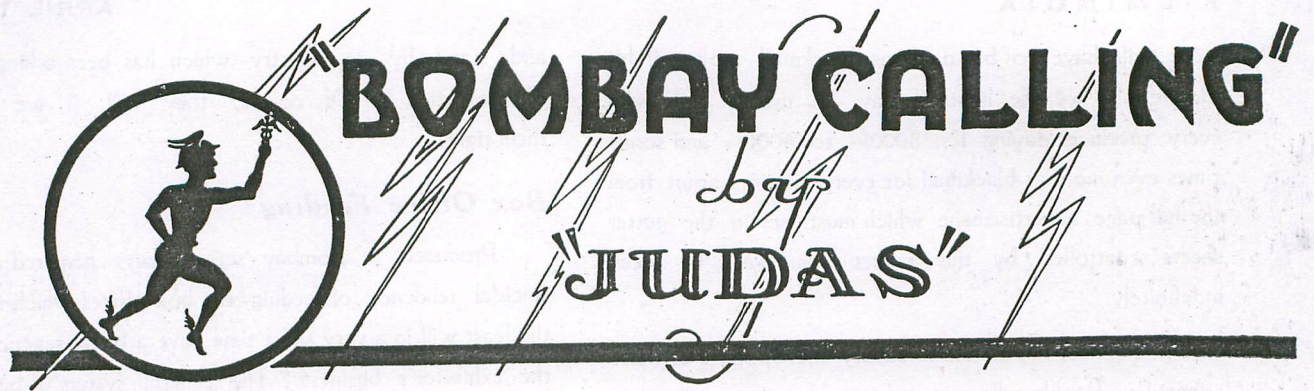
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BOMBAY CALLING

by

JUDAS

They live on Blood-money !

Some Urdu papers in the North have reduced blackmail to a fine art. I refer to those papers that dole out cinema news and while doing so have the presumption to prescribe morals for the public in general. Some of these papers are controlled by men, who have somehow managed to get local importance, but having no honest and legitimate vocations in life, earn their bread and butter by indulging in mud-slinging against the producers, particularly those who produce pictures in Bombay. Their nefarious work has practically become a "racket" and is fast proving a serious menace to the producers and to society in general. Their strongest shield and armour is the camouflage of religion.

Immediately a producer has produced a picture with an Islamic theme he is made a target of unholy attacks by these gutter sheets and with the aid of posters and fire-spitting writings, and backed by a crowd of paid hirelings the illiterate Muslim public is made to believe that the producer has distorted the teachings of their Prophet and blasphemed Islam in the picture.

There are numerous instances on record to prove that as a result of the workings of these blackmailers, cinema houses in Delhi and in the Punjab have been mobbed by the illiterate Mahomedans and doors and windows broken, and the screens torn down.

The next stage after this first volley of shots is to send a representative of the group of blackmailers to Bombay. Before his arrival telegrams are sent to different studios some of which arrange to receive this "dove of peace" with motor cars and garlands. The cars and garlands are

friendly hints dropped to the producers by the city pimp who represents the 'big' man.

With an all conquering air the man gets down and is immediately wheeled on to a sumptuous lunch of fowl, wines, etc. His religion forbids wine, but he has no objection to take it in private. In fact, so many things forbidden by religion are done by these blackmailers, all the while proclaiming to the innocent and credulous masses that they are the pillars of religion.

Lunch over, the 'holy' visitor is taken to the studio where he evinces a delightful interest in the studio girls, some of whom he already knows since his previous visits. The new ones are introduced to him because he demands introductions. The 'holy' representative makes discreet enquiries regarding friendly possibilities with the charming introductions.

The Pin Money

Life in a city like Bombay costs money. In spite of petrol, cars, dinners, girls, etc., having been got free at some else's expense the condescending visitor needs money, generally in 'small' bits of Rs. 500 for 'paltry expenses.'

The 'official' city middle-man drops a friendly hint to half a dozen producers, and almost at once before the evening is out, a 'small' amount of Rs. 3,000 is thrust into the "unwilling" hands of the 'royal' visitor for 'paltry expenses.'

The city 'official' is cute enough to remind the producer that before the great man returns to Delhi a lot

more will have to be paid as blackmail money if his picture is to see the light of day. It usually ends with every producer paying Rs. 3000/- to 4000/- and sometimes even more as blackmail for every picture, apart from the full page advertisement which must run in the gutter sheets controlled by this racket from week to week indefinitely.

It is almost impossible to satisfy the appetite of these criminals. People who are used to easy money will never take to earn their livings by the sweat of their brow.

Kick them out

The only way, therefore, open to the producers in India, and in Bombay particularly, is to remove the cause of the blackmail. In short, no producer worth his self respect should produce a single picture of whatever nature with Muslim background or Islamic theme. There are enough social subjects, and social pictures are fast coming into their own to pay their way well for the producer.

The second thing to be done is to stop all advertisements in such Urdu papers, thereby practically cutting the ground under their very feet.

The other thing, which is possible only for those producers who still have some moral courage left after years of association with this industry, is to kick these blackmailers and their go-betweens out of the Studio when they come to ply their nefarious trade.

Do Your Bit, Journalists

The duty of the newspapers and particularly of the numerous cinema periodicals which we find in the country, is quite clear and defined. These blackmailers, who have the cheek to call themselves journalists, are like wolves in a fold—traitors to all traditions and ennobling sentiments which distinguish the noble calling of journalists.

Journalists all over and particularly those in the cinema industry must condemn in a chorus the black deeds of these blackmailers, and leave these rogues to reap the bitter fruits of their own sowings. Will they do it

and stand by an industry which has been asking alms of protection? Of course, they will, if we know them right.

Box Office Feeding

Producers in Bombay seem to have acquired a new suicidal tendency of feeding the box offices which to say the least will in a very short time have a bitter reaction on the exhibitor's business. The general system of booking pictures with a certain theatre includes a clause whereby the producer is entitled to continue a picture from week to week provided certain minimum box office takings are reached in the previous week. When this minimum is reached legitimately no honest exhibitor in the world will have any objection to continue the further run of a picture for the simple fact that his patrons have liked the picture. But some producers finding that their picture has 'flopped' in the first or second week, start buying the tickets themselves and send in packed audiences, and thus manage to reach the stipulated minimum, thereby technically qualifying for another week, oblivious of the fact that this extended exploitation of the picture is not supported by popular demand. But so keen is the rivalry between the producers, and to such a bragging community most of them belong, that they only count and loudly recite the number of weeks a picture has run, forgetting that to secure that supposed run they have had to sacrifice several thousands of rupees in buying tickets and distributing them free to friends and employees.

This is a very demoralizing method of doing business. Virtually a picture should be stopped immediately it fails to draw. If this is not done the poor exhibitor stands to lose heavily not only in money but also in prestige and patronage. This dirty practice has of late become a real menace to the industry in as much as some well established producers have cheapened their principles and practiced this crooked course to secure the desired results.

If producers cannot produce successful pictures and face failures like men, they should at least have the gentlemanliness to consider the sad plight of the exhibitor.

Holy Sin

Month after month the Motion Picture Society of India has been knocking at the doors of the Government shouting to be heard in respect of the duty on the raw films import. The Motion Picture Society would have the Government impose a nominal 5% duty on the raw stock coming into India. The Society thinks that the industry would be immediately established on an indigenous basis if the Government granted this request.

As matters stand actually to-day, a duty of 25% is imposed on raw films coming from outside the British Dominions while only 15% is collected over all raw stock coming from Great Britain.

The present raw stock sold by Kodak's in India comes from Great Britain and it has therefore to pay 10% less in duty. Where does this advantage of 10% go? The producers do not get it. Kodak's are selling raw films at the same price as other manufacturers like Agfa, Dupont, Gevaert, etc.

This is due to an association amongst the raw film importers whereby the members of the Association are not to compete in prices amongst themselves but to sell the goods at a common price. This procedure naturally gives an advantage of 10% in profits to the firm which sells the British product, which advantage ought to have gone to the producers in the natural course.

This Association, therefore, does not contribute towards the interests of the industry. On the contrary it robs the industry of 10% and provides scope to the other foreign manufacturers to sell their goods.

Defeating the Law

The Government ought to take notice of this fact, and in cases where the Government intend to secure certain industry, it ought to declare illegal such agreements as contribute towards defeating the original plans.

We appreciate the efforts of the Motion Picture Society in persuading the Government to reduce the duty on raw films. But we would appreciate their efforts much

more if the members of the Society tried to break this Association and its rate-fixing, and thereby secure for the producers the advantage of 10% which is legitimately due to them.

But we think this is rather improbable in view of the fact that the following members are seen on the Board of the Society itself:

1. Mr. A. von Leyden representing Agfa Photo Co. (Germany)
2. Mr. Noble representing Kodak, Ltd., (British)
3. Mr. M. D. Mistry representing Dupont
(American)

At least two members of the three mentioned above will not agree with our suggestion. It will pay them not to agree.

We wonder whether the Motion Picture Society is established to look after the interests of these raw film importers or to further the interests of the industry in general.

Will Mr. Hirlekar, the live-wire of the Society, throw some light on this subject of first rate importance or will he keep discreetly silent?



Miss Shakuntala Majumdar in her maiden hit in Mohan Movietone Ltd.



◆ MISS GOHUR

Letters of Kamla

Gohur, My Darling.

"Gowrangi Gohur" they fondly call you, these cine fans, who run into thousands if not millions. I know you richly deserve that epithet. I wish you had better luck in the choice of a director who could exploit your histrionic abilities to their fullest extent and give the picture goers their money's worth. But then that's another story and a theme fit for "Judas's" pen. The pity is as much yours as ours that a star of your worth, who dazzled the public in her first appearance in "Vishwa Mohini", of the silent days, should slowly recede into the background.

I have never once missed your pictures but whenever I see you battling bravely, as you do in your recent efforts, to interpret your roles, the more I feel for you and in sheer desperation cry out:—"Oh Goodness, is there no end to man's cruelty over woman if not in Hindu society at least in film-land." You can never put that stuff—the Mae West or Marlene Dietrich defiance—on the screen. You are not cut that way. And oh the cruelty of putting you in breeches, pants and mannish garb! I wish I could give a good thrashing to the man who refuses to give you more human, more refined, and more homely parts in which you can excel and glide along the silvery screen as gracefully as a queen.

My dear Gohur, your misfortune doesn't end here. You have to play opposite a person who lacks in the very rudiments of stage craft or culture but whom the "gods" of your studio have raised to the status of a hero. And believe me, when I and my brother Ashok, were witnessing your latest picture "Sipahi-ni-Sajani", we couldn't stand the way Billi attempted to make love to you. An uncouth swain could give him points in wooing a lover. By God, Ashok did use some unspeakable language and I can assure you he can use it.

My dear girlie, I can sympathise with you and with my partiality for you from the day I saw you in "Vishwa Mohini" I have always a soft corner for you. You are a great star in your own way. You have left your foot prints on the sands of time and no history of the Indian screen will be complete without a flattering reference to you whatever your detractors and critics might say.

As a woman to woman I am not ashamed to own a confession. In you I find an artiste after my own heart—a film star with all the womanly grace and charm but none of the cheap, vulgar and gaudy mannerisms of the painted Venuses of the screen. And that, my dear

Gohur, is your greatest achievement and will always echo a warm sentiment in many a kindly and womanly heart like mine.

Though in your own days you have been carried high on the crest of popularity and fame you have kept your poise and simple homely ways. You have set a noble example to Young Bright Things aspiring for stellar honours that cinema stars are human, that they are not the playthings and toys of the budding directors or the members of the Smart Set who keep on buzzing round studios and cinema houses. I know I will be giving my brother, Ashok, and his friend "Judas" a rude awakening. They will dub me as an old fashioned maid past the prime of my youth.

Well, I will suffer all these accusations and even worse. I really go into ecstasies when I think of your splendid example of wresting laurels on the screen and yet keeping a perfectly sober and sensible home life that is at once the pride and envy of us all. Fame, flattery or material wealth, have not intoxicated you. It is a pleasure to meet you in the quiet comfort of your modest apartments.

You are thoroughly domestic. You are cultivated and unaffected, and when you receive your guests you switch off your artificial glamour and radiate a truly womanish atmosphere. And that, Gohur, is your permanent and lasting asset. Though Father Time and old friend Chandulal may conspire together to dim the lustre of your star in the film firmament you will still continue to be the Polar Star guiding young deluded maidens, about to launch perilously, their frail little barges on the slippery silvery Indian Screen. For when I think of the promising young souls, brought to dust like the veritable butterflies, flitting after the flicker of fame and of your steady and firm stand in the midst of the temptations that cine artistes meet at every corner of their career I heave a sigh of relief. You have shown that cinema stars value something more solid than the gay flippant life, and can hold fast to the anchor of womanly grace and modesty while hitching their chariot of fame to the stars.

Now, dear, don't blush. You are modest and believe me, when I say that whenever I pass your house round the Opera House corner, I unwittingly gaze up and in my old girlish way, blow kisses to you—not for Gohur, the cine artiste, but Gohur, the woman, the mother and perhaps the wife to be.

Yours Affectionately,

Kamala

Holy Crime

Holy Crime

To Love

To be Pure

To be Honest

Even to be Good

IS A

HOLY CRIME

In this human world dominated by
money and power

The cry of hunger is silenced by the
blow of despair

The light of innocence is quenched
by the overpowering inhumanity

Death is fearful, but man, more
towards his own fellowmen



A Masterpiece from—Mr. V. S. Khandekar

Photographed by—Pandurang Naik

Directed by—Master Vinayak

Featuring :

Baburao Pendharkar, Indira Wadkar,
Master Vinayak, Leela.

RATNAPRABA

(*The Melody - angel*)

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Law and Morality

By M. A.

According to a Delhi message Mr. S.K. Som, M.L.A., has sponsored a bill against the practice of students visiting picture houses. The preamble to the bill of our exuberant and enthusiastic M.L.A. gives the key to the working of the mind of our modern law-givers. The preamble runs as follows;—

“Whereas it is necessary to prevent students from visiting cinemas, talkies and theatres which injure their morals easily so that character-building may be taken up in the Schools and Colleges of India and whereas it is necessary to help character-building of students by showing them educational and religious films it is enacted as follows.....”

According to the bill “student” means a person male or female studying in School or College or any institution or any male or female under the age of 25 years. It is further intended by the same bill to prevent students from visiting any cinema house or theatre without the permission of the proctor or the principal of the Institution except on the Student days when educational or religious films will be shown.

Now having made the visit by students to the theatres a crime let us examine the penalties attached to it. If any student is found guilty of transgressing this law the following punishment will be meted out to him. If any student is found guilty of having visited cinemas, talkies or theatres contrary to the provisions of the Act he shall be liable to a fine not exceeding Rs. 50/—, or simple imprisonment not exceeding one month.

“If any ticket seller sells ticket or any gate keeper allows entry to the students contrary to the provisions of the Act the manager as well as the ticket seller and the gatekeeper shall be liable to a fine not exceeding Rs. 500/—, or simple imprisonment not exceeding six months”

Our Puritan M. L. A.s

These are but the clauses of the draft bill and in their enthusiasm to show that they have more regard for the moral purity of the race some M.L.A.s will be found to stiffen the penalties. Our Indian M.L.A.s seem to have plenty of time to find out what laws can be made to prevent this or that. If any man is reported to be kissing another's wife or even is seen walking in the street with a woman, old or young, why the nearest thing that suggests

to the mind of a law maker is to take that occasion to paragraph another law for the legislating mill, so that his name may be reported in all papers as working in the interests of the country, morality and progress. The usual preamble, the definitions, the reservations and penalties are the alpha and omega of such idle-minded laws. But the Bill proposed to be tabled beats everything in record that came out of the mind of any parliamentarian in the world. No country has made or proposed to make such a law as this.

We have no objection to the students being shown educational or religious pictures, if the morality snuffers want to see them given such. We are even for character-building. But unfortunately—apart from the sponsors of the bills on morality, there seem to be lots of educationalists, religious-minded or even morality preachers who do not appear to have any of these virtues they want to see strengthened. Everyone knows such cases in his own walk of life. Immorality in private, so long as it is not found out, is covered by morality professed and preached.



M. Surendra Nath Sen, B.A., LL.B.
who takes the male lead in Sagars “Deccan Queen”

● Beautiful *Margot Grahame* enacts Gypo Nalan's sweetheart as Katie Fox in *The INFORMER*, RKO Radio Picture - - - - - only a woman who performed a woman's job—loving her man in the face of antipathy, scorn and vengeance.



Robert Burns found out two centuries ago that those who enter public houses by the back-door, make three-mile prayers or damn all parties but their own, are the props of our society and its basis.

For this little Mercy Thanks !

Mr. Som, M.L.A. is kind enough to limit the penalty for students up to Rs. 50/-, and for the theatre owners (managers, ticket-sellers, even gate keepers are held together responsible) up to Rs 500/-, and in the alternative to one month's and six months' imprisonment respectively. Other morality snuffers would have them beheaded without mercy or law.

What is the Board of Censors there for? Is it to pass immoral pictures? Are there not enough morality snuffers to constitute a Board of Censors? Yet the films passed by them are not enough for Mr. Som and his kind to guarantee the purity of the pictures. He must have a law for students, another for preachers, a third for some other class and so on and so forth. The Board of Censors is not, of course, above suspicion, they may be mistaken. But we must have a double barrel to see that nothing besmirches the innocence of our youth, rather ignorance,

Self-Deluded Law - Givers

If the students—Mr. Som includes everyone under 25 years under that definition—could be kept moral by this law, he is mistaken. We only hope that the Bill will never be tabled even but die an abortive death. In even Europe, where the youths are supposed to marry late, they are instructed about the aberrations and dangers of sexual life by public lectures and official instruction. In India, where almost every young man is married, he knows much more about sexual life than even in Europe.

To see most innocent things in films is considered by our moral guardians to be destructive to character, then there will be nothing left for the youth as instruction in sexual matters but public houses or sexual aberrations—if the Bill of Mr Som is tabled and passed. Or is he going to allow these as concessions on fixed days to the youths? A morality that is kept in prison is not innocence but ignorance which will give vent to libertinage as soon as the dam is submerged. Any stone or wall can be then considered moral, because it remains where it is left and cannot think. That is the kind of morality which our self-deluded law-givers want to preach to anyone but themselves.

Administrative Difficulties

As some practical points, we may point out that there are very few cinemas in India. To check the visit of students to them, we must establish machinery in every town where there are schools. If the young men buy tickets through others, they can easily slip into the cinemas, at least in towns near their residence. Or is it considered necessary to keep them daily within the walls of the university or school compound till they are allowed to go to such a place of immorality as the cinema? Why should they be allowed to go to a cinema at all? Why would they be compelled to go to a religious picture at their own expense? Will they pay for a religious picture when they are not-allowed to go to any other? Are the students prisoners who have only **must** and no **may** to observe? Will any Government and Municipality officials spend time as duty without remuneration to decide **in camera** what pictures and theatres are fit for students and what not? Will the Government and Municipality spend money to set up such a board of local censors?

These points are not at all suggested and answered by the mind of the Hon. M. L. A. It is of course convenient to shut his eyes to the difficulties of administering such laws. Why, penalty when caught is enough to enforce its "provisions." That is where moral considerations alone lead to. I think that lawmakers must take also practical considerations into account, otherwise their laws cannot be enforced but remain a matter for self-satisfaction for their sponsors. Moreover they give rise to other immoralities, those which explore the ways of avoiding the laws or passing through their loopholes. Once President Harding said to the American Law Association that if one should judge U. S. A. by the number of laws in existence, it should be the most moral nation, but "we are the biggest of law makers and also of law breakers" he added. These are the words of the chief Executive of a modern Government, himself also a lawyer. May they be a lesson to Indian Manus in modern parliaments.

FOR BETTER BUSINESS

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- India's up-to-date film journal -

My Diary *by "Lothario"*

Shrewd man, this Editor ! He says that the names and characters used in my contributions do not relate to any person. Now, that is another way of telling the truth, and nothing but the truth. For fear of outraging his sentiments let us believe him. At least, it pays *me* to do so.

13th December 1932.

It is one of my weaknesses that when a friend comes from the Central Provinces (not that I am particularly keen about the province he hails from), I take him to my bungalow (to be truthful, my father's bungalow but being his son, fortunately for me and very unfortunately for him, I have fallen into the willing habit of calling it my own) in the suburbs and to cheer him up give him a rousing meal on the terrace.

In keeping with this worthy tradition when J (that is my friend) arrived, I took him to my bungalow for the night.

He was tired. He said the journey was awful. Not a single lady on the whole train and all over the eight hundred and odd miles he had covered. Now I do not like to give the ladies so much importance, because sometimes even the most innocent looking ones use this as evidence against you. But I am young, and J was no longer so. So I sympathised with J by stating that the world was full of small cruelties, it was only the brave soul who completed his journey without mishap on the way. Somehow, this expression of my sincere sympathy seemed to make J more furious. Now it is always so with persons who have left youth just behind and who proclaim with the scarcity of their grey hair that old age is not far off. People at this age become rather vindictive having lost the right of competing for the school girl complexion. It was not difficult for me to diagnose J's case, as I had observed identical symptoms in another friend of mine, Garekhan, who has also crossed the Rubicon of youth.

It was a moonlit night, and getting an idea, I talked of the Moon but again I seemed to have erred, as the mention of the Moon awakened in J all the ashes of youth and intensified his suffering.

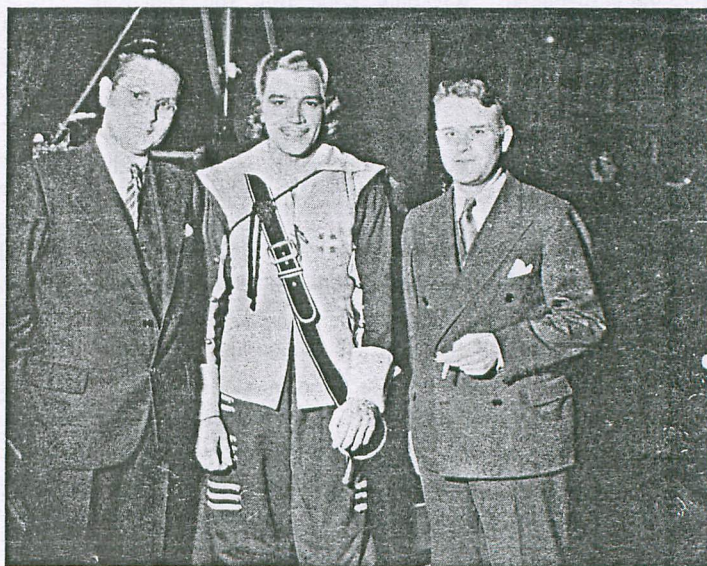
So I said: "Don't worry, old man. we shall make up to you for your rotten journey tomorrow evening". J was all ears and he asked me, "What do you mean?" With a careless gallantry I replied "Oh, we shall go somewhere where you will have enough of wine—"

He cut me short with "Wine?"

I reassured him with "And women".

"Ah, that is better", and he sighed with relief. "You are a splendid fellow", continued J, "And you are damn lucky to know so many girls". "Oh, it is not so much of luck, J", I replied, "I happen to be interested in the film line and it is part of my work to know girls" "Part of the work—that's interesting. I wish I had work like that", he said.

In my simple way I went on talking to him of the large profits people in the film line were collecting. I quoted to him picture after picture, all great successes. I don't know how it happened, but that night I forgot to mention even a single picture having failed. I am built just that way to forget the important things in life and sometimes with extra modesty I put this down to my absent-mindedness.



Mr. Reginald Armour, general manager, RKO Pictures for the Far East, who visited United States recently, caught on the set of "The Three Musketeers."

J thought it all glorious and easy. Particularly the delicate side of the business. He was already calculating the profits and counting the girls. Now I did not like him to be so precipitate. It seems he had made some money in the mill business, and he wanted to invest it in the films immediately. I tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to me. He thought I was robbing him of the profits and keeping him away from the girls. When all my efforts failed, then in keeping with my accommodating nature, I submitted to the proposal with a resignation which was at once optimistic and satisfactory.

We started discussing the details of the business. But I suddenly remembered that we had been talking all this on the 13th, which is supposed to be an unlucky day. I protested loudly and said that the 13th cannot be an unlucky day. The 4th must be the unfortunate day as I was born on that day. You know my mother always called the day a cursed day and my father who always disagreed with her in other things, happened to agree with her most emphatically on this point. The point has been so much and so long driven into me with the help of arms, sticks and whacks that I have a firm conviction that the 4th must be really an unlucky day.

Well, after so much against the day, you cannot expect me to agree with J that the 13th was unlucky. On



Mr. Ezra Mir, the bright young director with ideas and many feathers in his cap.



Mr. R. M. Pancholi, proprietor, Empire Talkies Distributors, photographed signing new long term contract with Mr. R. Armour, Far Eastern Manager, RKO RADIO

his side, J would not agree with me in spite of a hundred arguments against the 4th, and a thousand in favour of the 13th. J is very obstinate that way. Later on I learnt that he was born on the 13th and since then he has never excused his parents for the trick they played on him. On my side, I am used to taking a philosophic view of things, considering the fact that since the first 4th, I have grown seventy two inches, in spite of my parents. Sometimes when I am drunk and I get real good company, I even go so far as to bless the 4th.

All said and done, J would not listen, and to put him into good humour I agreed to avoid a business talk till after midnight, when the 14th would dawn.

By the way. I forgot to mention that all this time we had, between us, emptied six precious bottles of beer, and now we were admiring the crystal clarity of the glass and wondering at the skill of the manufacturers. J suddenly remembered that he was hungry. However unwilling, still I had to agree to the proposal to maintain J's good humour. You know that way my friends have always complimented me on my good manners and observed that I go to no end of inconvenience for a friend. This time, to convince J of my sincerity and good intentions, I ate for nearly an hour, at the end of which J who had finished his meal in five minutes was already feeling slightly hungry. Now that's bad, and I said so to J, that to preserve health two meals in 24 hours is a good programme. I agreed but not without mentioning my rations (?) which reference I thought was not in good taste. Now we didn't talk business. We discussed girls. You know girls are not business but pleasure, and I agreed with J when he said that the superstitions about the 13th would not prejudice the chances of the girls.

14th December, 1932.

The clock had struck midnight. The 13th was over with all its misfortunes, and the 14th had dawned with all its hopes. For an hour we had been discussing girls, and it was time we switched off that subject which I never 'liked,' and turned to the business side. J was inclined to linger a little longer on the girls, who were already getting on my nerves. You know, I have nerves for these girls, particularly the Cinema variety. Once again I reminded J of the 14th, and told him that at the end of the proposed business there were enough girls whom we could thrash out on the 13ths, as this unfortunate day did occur with fortunate regularity every month.

So we rushed into the business discussion which ultimately ended in J promising to remit on his return to the Central Provinces Rs. 20,000 for the production of a picture, giving me his power of attorney to act as I pleased. Subsequent events have led me to believe that the 14th happens to be unfortunate for business and friendship without counting the misfortunes of the 13th.

On the evening of the 14th we celebrated our decision by proposing the toast of the picture to come, with its prospects of profits and girls. To be modest, we gave a wide berth to the more fashionable restaurants in the city, and chose a quiet place round the corner where I generally repair my broken heart and shattered feelings, when I meet with disappointments in my affairs. The

place was dull, and the fat Parsi proprietor-cum-barman looked sick and silly. To put spirits in the place we were obliged to drink a little more than unnecessary and drove out the silence from the place, we had tall and loud talks of films and girls. The effect was marvellous. The fat Parsi wore a smile, at once sweet and tolerant, knowing probably that a fat bill was coming his way. We were in a jolly mood and we wanted company, so J who is very charitable at such stages, offered drinks to every one in the bar even including the durwan at the door. We didn't know when it all ended but it cost J two hundred rupees. Now I wanted to contribute my share of it but J would not hear of it. I don't like people who are obstinate, but in this case in my mind I found an excuse for J and forgave him with a sincerity that pleased him. We were taken home. I can't tell you by whom as it would have been indiscreet to have found this out then. We have chosen to keep it a mystery.

15th December, 1932.

We missed the noon of this day. And when we got up we found the sun in the West disappearing fast. The fellow seems to have rushed through the day with stolen marches. Now, that was a slight which annoyed us



Mr. Motilal who takes the male lead in Sagar's *Deccan Queen*

terribly as it robbed us of breakfast and lunch, not to mention the score and odd cups of tea we consumed to oblige the tea planters and help indigenous labour.

We got up with 'heads.' We tried to recall the incidents of the previous night but failed in that noble attempt. J was silent for an hour and I could not speak out of sympathy for him. From the servant we gathered that we were discussing films and girls even in our sleep. Now, he had no business to pry into our private affairs, but having done so, we were inwardly grateful that his information of our intentions once again kindled the fire of ambition in both of us to produce a picture. J also remembered that he had to return to the Central Provinces by a night train.

Very soon we dressed and tried to look as cheerful and respectable as was possible after rather a 'night' of it. We were severe and silent. It helped us a lot as people in the house dared not ask us questions thinking that we had serious projects in consideration.

The time for the train drew near. Both of us had spent enough language of sympathy on each other to

express how much each felt for leaving the other. This made our throats dry and compelled us to wet them so that we may resume the sympathetic conversation till we heard the guard's whistle.

At last the train steamed out and I suddenly missed a few heart beats and found that J had gone to the Central Provinces. J's sudden departure brought tears to my eyes. I am very sensitive that way. Once at the Victoria Terminus I saw a young newly married couple taking affectionate leave of each other. The man was travelling a long distance on business and from the amount of ardour sprinkled over the farewell it was obvious that the two were separating for the first time since the wedding bells. The train left and I discovered the young girl weeping. I can't describe how I felt and it required all my moral courage to restrain me from lending an affectionate embrace to the poor suffering soul. I am built that way, and for no fault of mine, with sympathy, sincerity and love and whenever I see a beautiful damsel in distress my heart erupts in sympathy with a volcanic movement. Somehow, I have never felt like that about men, at least not with that intensity. It is funny...this waking up of the human mind.

J had gone and I cannot say why but somehow I felt very, very thirsty. If any body had given me a glass of water I would not have refused it, but as no one thought of doing so, I had to go to my old pub round the corner and pour a bottle of Tennant's beer down my throat to wash down the affectionate feeling of choking which J's departure had given me without any previous warning.

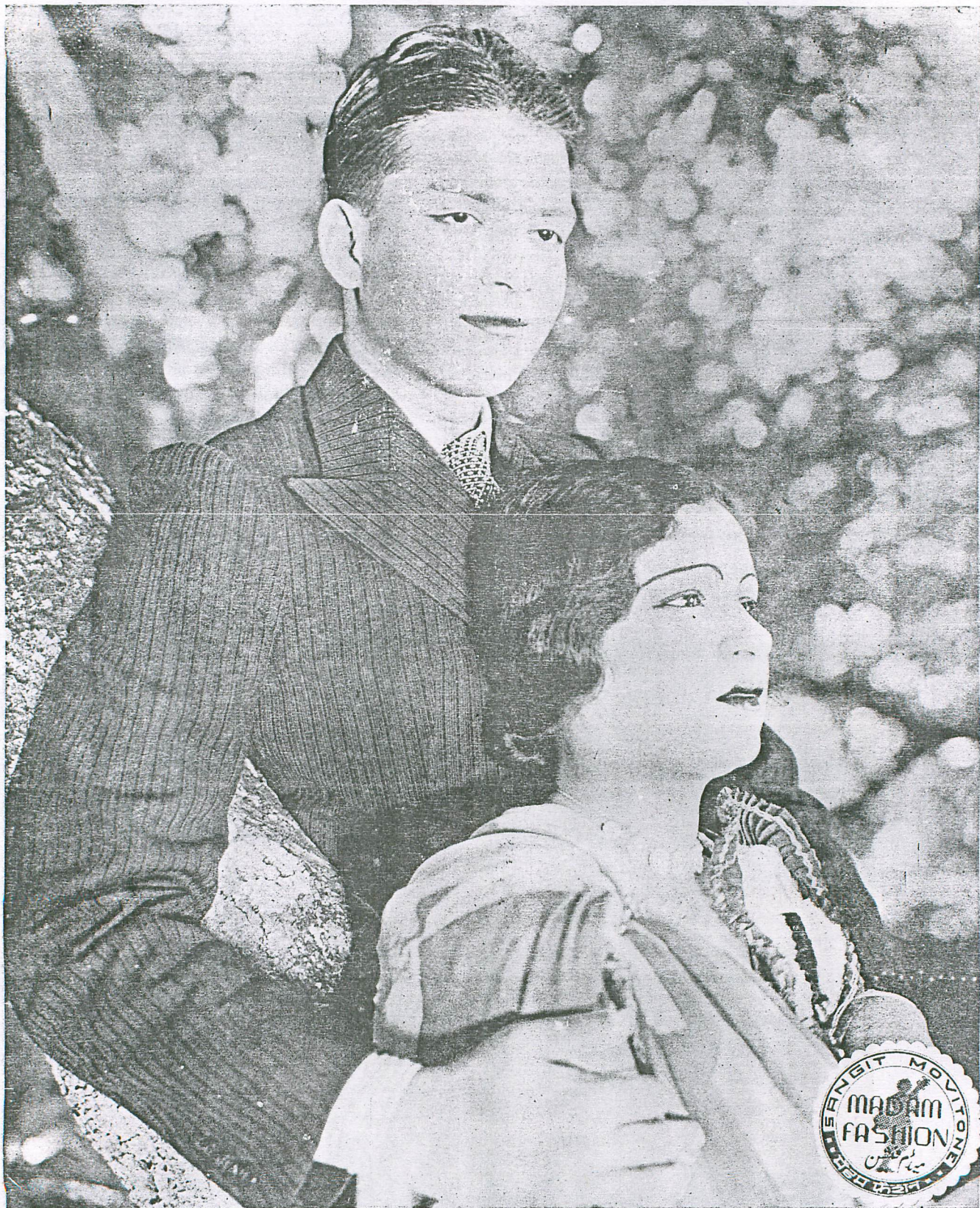
I don't remember when I reached home that night or rather the next morning, but from what I learnt subsequently it seems that I was so depressed that I did not think it worth while to get out of bed till late next night.

I am always that way...very sincere with friends and always share with them all the vicissitudes of life.



Chintaman Kohlatkar in Parijat Picture's *Andheri Duniya*

(To be continued next month)



A. Hoosain & Miss Suraiya in "Madame Fashion "

Smart —

BUT NOT EXTREME

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BUILT TO STAY BUILT*

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Karloff, the Wizard of Hollywood

THERE is only one place in the world where a master-piece can be duplicated and excelled. That place is Hollywood. Movie masterpieces have short lives.

When Universal made "The Invisible Man" in 1933 with an unseen Claud Rains talking out of thin air, it was considered the last possible word in mystifying movies. Now insiders in the film city are all talking "The Invisible Ray" (not a sequel in spite of the similarity of title) which the same studio has completed with Karloff and Lugosi in the star parts.

To get some idea what that means: in "The Invisible Man", "Rains was made almost invisible by being filmed against specially prepared backgrounds. Then specialists, using tiny brushes and microscopes, treated every tiny "frame" of the film itself. In "The Invisible Ray", Karloff, poisoned by his radium ray discovery, glows in the dark like a huge phosphorescent mass and in the final scene actually bursts into flames. The Universal technical men got this effect of a man burning alive without using a bit of make-up on Karloff



or doing any retouching of the film afterwards. It was all done by the camera, shooting through a system of light filters invented by John M. Fulton, the studio photography specialist.

These filters also made it possible to shoot other scenes unthinkable in 1933, of cliffs and stone statues melting into lava-like streams under Karloff's ray, fiery suns fighting a battle in the prehistoric sky, swords vanishing from soldiers' hands and meteors crashing into mountains.

Like "The Invisible Man", "The Invisible Ray" was six months in preparation. The former film was adapted by a leading English Playwright, R. C. Sherriff, the latter by a leading American dramatist, John Colton, co-author of "Rain." By a strange coincidence, Karloff, the scientist in "The Invisible Ray" was originally stated to play "The Invisible Man" in 1933 until another role claimed him and Rains was signed for the part.

But here the similarity ceases. All the action of "The Invisible Man" occurred in one part of England. The story of "The Invisible Ray" ranges from the Carpathian Mountains of Central Europe to Africa's Mountain of the Moon and then back to Paris with the glowing Karloff prowling through a pitch black house in the final sequence.

Time flies.....especially in Hollywood.

Good News

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KOLHAPUR

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Jehan Ara Begum Kajjan, the Calcutta Star of Bewitching Attraction, who is featured by Mr. Ezra Mir in "REGENERATION"

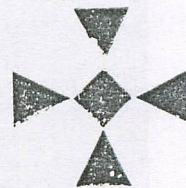
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Featuring :—



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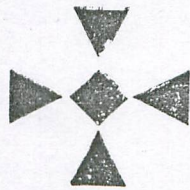
LIGHT OF THE SEASON

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PICTURES, Green Street, Fort, BOMBAY





- ◆ Jaddanbai, the only woman director in Indian Screenland and an accomplished singer, who will keep the Cine Fans spell-bound by the magic of her music. in her latest picture "Madame Fashion"

A Publicity Pioneer Passes Away



We regret to announce the death of Mr. D. D. Phatak. He died of pneumonia early Thursday morning on the 19th March at Dr. Bhajekar's Hospital, after a prolonged illness.

Till the very last minute Mr. Phatak was discussing several publicity schemes, thereby lending to his own death an eloquent dramatic touch quite his own.

A self-made man of vibrant personality, Mr. Phatak began life right from the bottom rung of the ladder. Though ill equipped in education, his natural intelligence and powers of perception were so well developed that his pioneering spirit of enterprise would jump at any new scheme of publicity.

He was essentially a showman out to please the world, be it with the help of the eyes, the ears or the mouth.

As one of the pioneers of publicity on the Railways, he will be long remembered by the trade and his numerous friends and colleagues. The Indian Railways have lost a prize salesman who has been, year in year out, selling every available inch of advertising space even on the tin roofs of obscure stations. It will be long before they find another salesman with such dynamic energy and sterling sales talk.

Always alive to new enterprises Mr. Phatak had recently taken up the business of manufacturing gramophone records and within a few months every music loving man in India knew of the Odeon Records.

His natural craving to be the best in his pursuits, had enabled Mr. Phatak to give to the music lovers of India choice selections and musical masterpieces from famous Indian musicians.

In Odeon he was building his temple of live music. He had begun the work well, but like several great artists he had to leave it unfinished.

As a man he was a friend, at once useful and sympathetic. As a businessman, he solemnly believed in the great principle of "Live and let live." As an artist he did his bit to please the world.

Maharashtra has lost an all round useful man, enterprising in business and sympathetic in friendship. May God give his soul the rest which he so much needed when living.



A Page from History of

RAJPUTS

NOBLY PORTRAYED

AS

"PRABHAT"

ALONE CAN

A TALE OF 'RAJPUT'
OBSTINACY.....PRIDE.....

AND

VALOUR

RAJPUT RAMNI

Directed by :—K. DHYBER

Starring :

NALINI TARKHAD

Supported by :

SHANTA APTE, NANASAHEB PHATAK
KELKAR, BUASAHEB, CHHOTOO.

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PRABHAT'S NEXT

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with

DURGA KHOTE, SHANTA
APTE, VASANTEE,
CHANDRA MOHAN

Director :

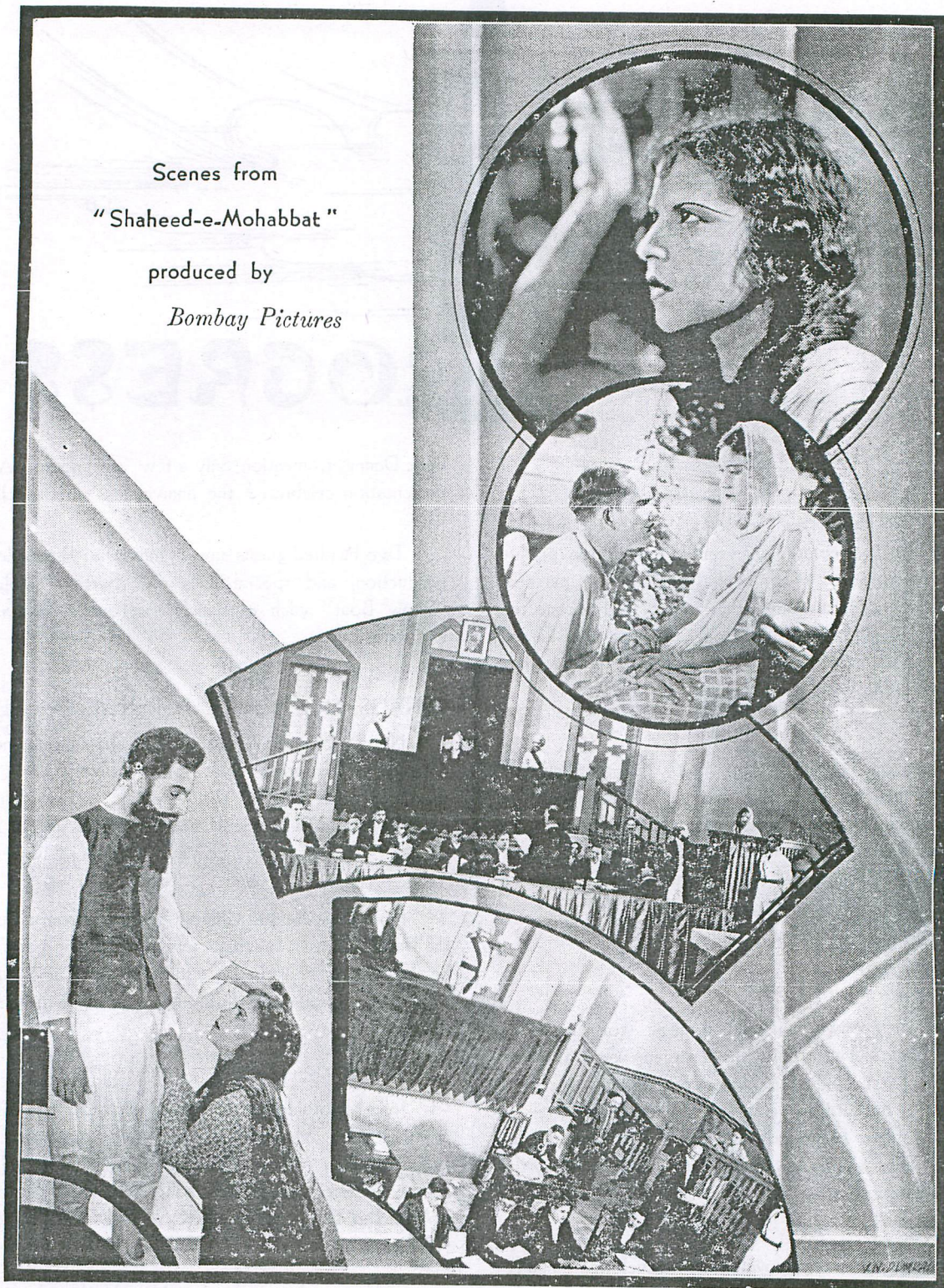
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Scenes from
"Shaheed-e-Mohabbat"

produced by
Bombay Pictures



POINTERS OF PROGRESS



G.O.M. OF M-G-M.

Carl Læmmle, Veteran President of the Universal Pictures Corporation and fearless fighter for the independent exhibitor, celebrated 30 years in the motion picture industry recently to which he has applied more personal time and energy than any other man actively connected with the industry. We doff our hats to this Grand Old Man of the industry, still young in spirits, and wish him many more useful years in the business.

#

It was on February 24th, 1906, that the Universal President, then an ambitious captain of commerce in Chicago, opened the tiny White Front Theatre in that city and pinned his faith in the movies. From that small beginning, he created a powerful chain of theatres, and when a shortage of product was threatened by the renting ring went into the business as distributor himself.

A FAIRY TALE

From then onwards it reads a magic story from the Arabian Nights Tales how the energetic Carl Læmmle opened his first studio in New York, moving over to a vacant plot of land—several several thousand acres in California, when he found New York too small for his purpose. Thus was the Universal City created, today the world's greatest studio.

#

"Uncle" Carl has discovered and developed innumerable famous stars from Mary Pickford, the first to be christened the world's sweetheart, Florence Lawrence, Valentino, Laura La Plante, Reginald Denny, Karloff,

Irene Dunne, to mention only a few, at random. A unique presentation celebrated the anniversary at the Universal City.

Two hundred guests saw "Hiawatha", Læmmle's first production, and special reels of "Sutter's Gold" and "Show Boat" each of which cost over a million dollars to produce.

#

RENAISSANCE WALTZ FOR NORMA SHEARER

Norma Shearer is learning a waltz that has not been danced for centuries. Not for a modern ball-room, but the taperlighted halls of the Capulets, where Juliet will meet Romeo in Irving G. Thalberg's production of Shakespear's immortal romance at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

#

From a list of 300 Chinese recruited from all parts of the Pacific Coast, 68 characters, all speaking parts, are to be selected. These are in addition to the nine important principals surrounding Paul Muni who will O-Lan in the picture.

#

John M. Stahl, noted screen director, has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, according to an announcement from Hollywood. Among his best known pictures are BACK STREET, ONLY YESTERDAY, IN OLD KENTUCKY, THE DANGEROUS AGE.

Stahl started as an actor in New York and turned to screen direction in 1914. He was for ten years associated with Louis B. Mayer, first with his independent studio and

then with the M-G-M merger. He left some years ago to become the vice-president production head of the Tiffany-Stahl Studios.

ACTORS HAVE TO TAKE IT

The moving picture audiences who saw Pat O'Brien in the DEVIL DOGS OF THE AIR did not know that in making the big scenes of the picture Pat hung for hours, clinging to a rope. He had only a few minutes rest between "takes."

Ten hours a day for four days they had stood in gummy mud, wearing water soaked clothes. Just two good troopers doing their bit. No complaints. No fussing.

Frederich March and Pedro de Cordoba had a grilling sequence to play in the jungle built for ANTHONY ADVERSE on the Warner brother's set. A large part of the time de Cordoba lay in several inches of rain...and there was a driving rain continually.

FACT NOT FICTION

The dainty Verree Teasedale, in MIDSUMMER 'NIGHTS' DREAM, wore a dress of gold chain that weighed 114 pounds. For three days she worked from 9 to 5 o'clock without being able to relieve her tired shoulders of the weight except for a half-hour lunch period each day.

Mae West is going night clubbing again, a little sport she refrained from for a long time, and her most frequent escort is the dark and handsome Jack la Rue. Now men in the club will get curves and Jack will have an arch between the legs. Our girls believe in day clubbing. They say it suits the producers tremendously.

Whether Charlie Chaplin is a barber, a furniture remover, a waiter, a property man or—as in his forthcoming picture, "Modern Times"—an oiler, he moves about his business with professional finish, with the deft motions of long experience, he mimics with absolute perfection the tricks of each trade. On the right he is seen—out of job, into jail—creating trouble with the authorities.

Jackie Cooper will soon come into a fortune amounting to a million dollars. Add to this 300,000 dollars, the life insurance money of Jackie's father who was killed in a motor accident recently. What Jackie originally earned was not so big but his father multiplied the earnings by wise investments and even in his dramatic exit from this world left Jackie an enviable legacy.

Well, we have no Jackies to worry about the figures.

Victor Moore, star of the famous stage play "Anything Goes", is a great gentleman. Recently, he startled all by refusing an offer of 100,000 dollars to come to Hollywood immediately. The play is still running on though Victor gets much less.

Robert Donat, the popular hero of "Count of Monte Cristo", is born with a firm "No" in his mouth. Not that he is obstinate, but he is not anxious to lose his individuality, and to maintain sheer independence he says "No".

He turned down the first film offer, which was of course very lucrative, because he didn't want to leave England. And who would with a beautiful newly married wife and a bonnie baby daughter and a refreshing ambition to succeed on the stage in England? He wasn't interested in films, not even in the financial side. His family came first and his independence meant more to him. It still does.



Six months later, Hollywood offered him a lucrative contract to play a lead opposite Norma Shearer, but Bobby said "No".

Ultimately, the pictures got him. Like an artiste, that he is, he realized that films were an ideal form of expression as applied to the art of play acting. But still he said "No" to Hollywood because his home and family were still of paramount importance in his life.

He did work in Hollywood, because the "Count of Monte Cristo" appealed to him, but, immediately the picture was completed, he rushed back to England by the first steamer. He had two babies by this time which meant a double reason for his quick return.

On an average Bobby receives three telegrams a week from Hollywood—all very lucrative offers—in really important films. He says "No". But he is going back to Hollywood once again to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet". The subject appeals to him and he does not care how much money there is in it. The importance of being Robert Donat must be an expensive business for film companies. They don't know what to offer him next, money having no apparent attraction.

Our boys would cross continents for a shoe lace of a beautiful girl. Ask D. Billimoria if you don't believe me, or Hafizji for that matter.

A most important deal has been signed between the RKO Radio Studios and Reliance Productions whereby all future productions of Reliance will be exclusively made and released through the RKO distributing organisation. The seal of approval was set recently by the RKO Radio

executives and by Harry Goetz, president of the Reliance and Edward Small, the vice president.

The deal terminates the present arrangement under which the Reliance has been releasing through the ARTISTS. The LAST OF THE MOHICANS, now in production, will be the last Reliance picture to be distributed by that company.

Edward Small brings to RKO Radio Studios more than 12 years of marked success as a producer. Robert Donat, who achieved stardom overnight in THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, the prize winning picture of the last year was one of the outstanding finds of Small.

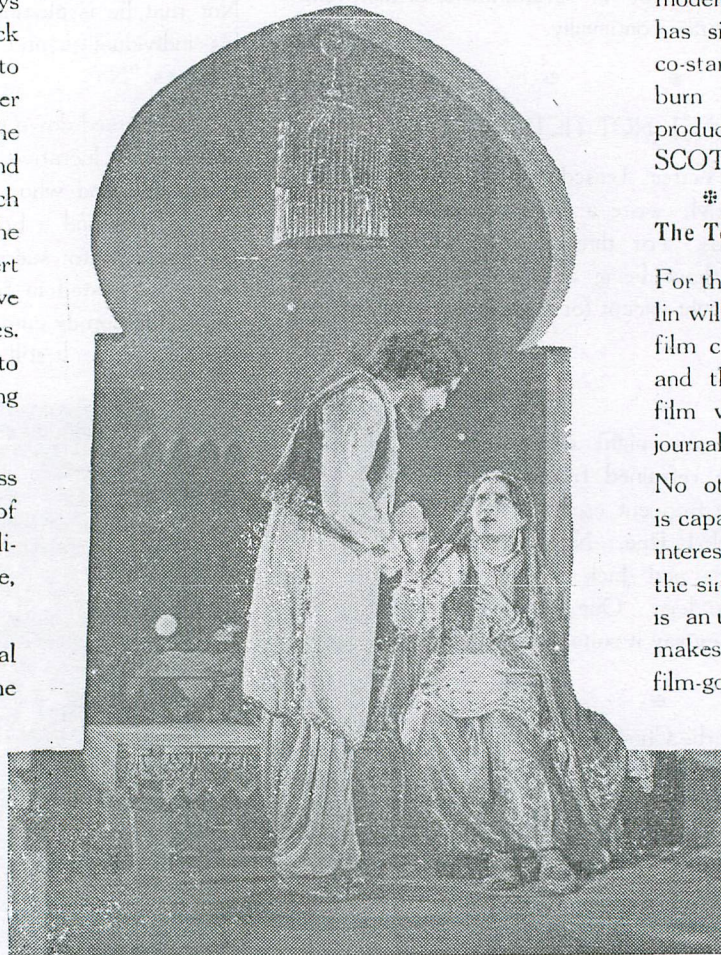
Linking together two of the greatest names on the modern screen RKO Radio has signed Fredric March to co-star with Katherine Hepburn in their forthcoming production, MARY OF SCOTLAND.

The Toast is Charlie Chaplin

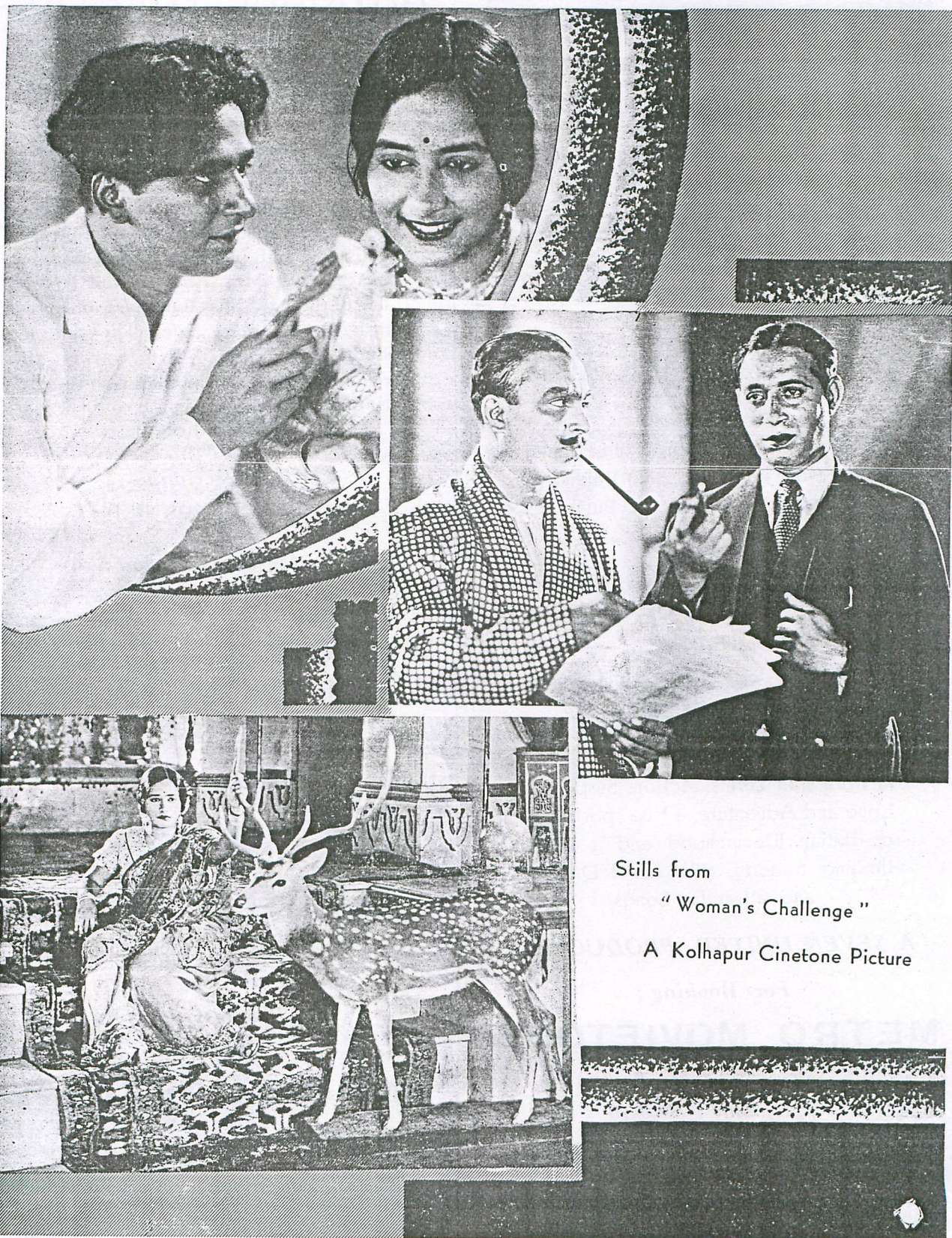
For the next few weeks Chaplin will be the main topic of film conversation everywhere and the principal subject of film writers in every type of journal in India.

No other star in the world is capable of arousing so much interest among all classes, for the simple reason that Charlie is an unique personality who makes unique pictures. The film-goer knows that the very name of Chaplin is a guarantee that the entertainment which is offered in his name is of the kind that no other living artist can provide.

No Rivals!
No Competitors!!



A scene from 'Aseer-i-Havis' (Shalini Cinetone)



Stills from
"Woman's Challenge"
A Kolhapur Cinetone Picture

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Coming !!

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*Super Sensational Social Hit
with*

GLORIOUS GULAB

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"LAHOR-KI-LARKI"

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Shahani, A. Karim, A. Pujari
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Dialogues and Songs: Qabil Amritsari.

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General & Production Manager: I. H. Ashraf

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A story with Thrills, Action, Suspense,
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beauty full of suspense, thrills and stunts
enlivened with lilting music and cherubic
dances with Miss Anwari (the leading
star of the East) Miss Rampiary (of untar-
nished reputation), Nimbalkar (the best
stunt actor of India), R.P. Kapoor (the
renowned villain), Abdullah Kabuli, Ajit,
Kartick Roy, P. N. Mehra and a host
of others.

Direction :

N. BULCHENDANI, B. A.

Music Direction :

K. C. DEY (Blind Singer)

Production-in-charge :

P. N. BANERJEA, M. A.

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'Gram : 'MOVIECRAZE'

Reviews in Brief

Bhagya Chakra or Dhoop Chhaon:

Produced by : New Theatres Ltd.

Story & Dialogue : Pandit Sudarshan.

Scenario, Photography & Direction: Nitin Bose

Music Direction : R.C. Boral & P. Mullick.

Audiography : Mukul Bose.

Editor : Subodh Mitter.

Process & Laboratory : Subodh Mitter.

Released at : Minerva Talkies, Bombay.

Featuring : K.C. Dey, Umashashi, Pahari, Nawab, Debbala, Ajmat Bibi, B. Bahaduri, etc.

A social story of the rich woven in the carpet of life with threads of pathos, poverty and romance. Altogether a powerful theme, with diverse psychological problems, which give laurels to the writer and to the director for the able way in which he has handled it.

Comparisons as a rule are odious, and yet one cannot help but compare this picture with New Theatre's last success, "Devdas." "Bhagya Chakra" is no doubt a very good picture, but "Devdas" was great. The vibrant pathetic touches in "Devdas" lent a soul to the picture which we unfortunately miss in "Bhagya Chakra." In deft touches of psychology and mental telepathy, "Devdas" excels the present picture. In technic, probably, "Bhagya Chakra" is a better picture, while in direction there is not much to choose between the two. Both Barua and Nitin Bose are just great, and that is saying a lot.

K. C. Dey is the pivot of "Bhagya Chakra." The incidents are all woven around him, incidentally providing him with an unusual and hitherto not granted scope for work, in as much as other characters in the picture are made to play more or less complimentary roles to support and lend relief to the blind artiste.

Photography, sound and other technical items are just excellent and in keeping with the traditions of New Theatres.

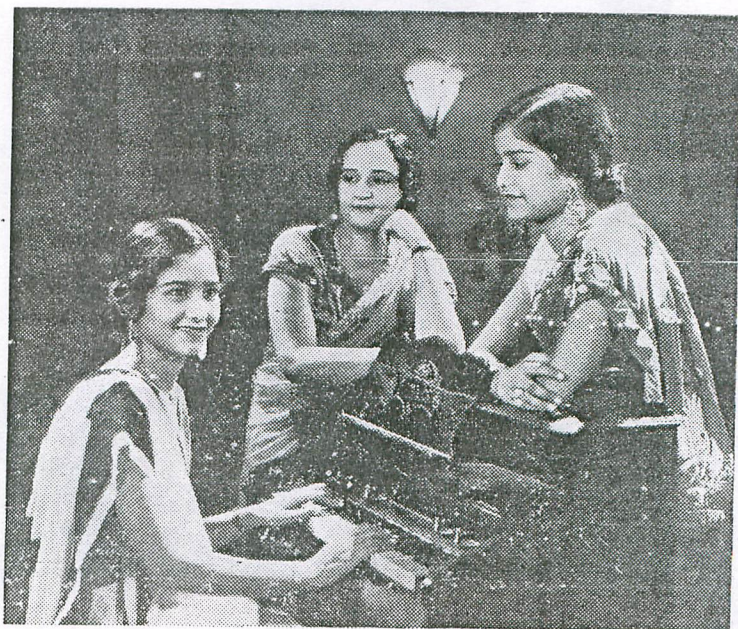
The dialogues are short, crisp and beautiful. Music direction is sober and appropriate. The tunes chosen for K.C. Dey, though common, become very popular as they are sung with thrilling realism.

As regards direction of the picture by Nitin Bose why indulge in compliments which he richly deserves. His work as a director is almost perfect, and has enough merits to give a swollen head to a saint.

Performances : K.C. Dey leads them all by the ears. He has proved to the world that, eyes or no eyes, he can still radiate a personality which commands respect from all worshippers of Art and Artistic.

Umashashi looked beautiful—probably because her figure has shrunk a little. She has given her usual best in the picture like the sincere artiste she is, but somehow in her eyes we missed the old ray of sparkling personality and in her voice the old thrill which once established her attraction in "Chandidas." Uma looks a tired young woman, a damsel who has just passed through distress.

Pahari is not a great artiste but seems to be an honest one. He is not destined to reach great heights, still he is a useful all rounder.



Rajkumari, Ramkumari, Sardar Akhtar in "Millionaire."

Nawab as usual gives an excellent portrayal of a theatre manager. He has, of course, known so many of them for years. Who could know them better?

The other artistes have done their bit well. Debbala is a future hope around whom a mother-story can some day be built.

In fine, the picture is a great success, and when it is so with pictures, everything about them looks so nice that one doesn't know where to stop praising.

Box Office? Don't worry. Put your coat on the picture being a success anywhere where human beings live.

Anarkali

Produced by : The Imperial Movietone.

Directed by : Chowdhary.

Released at : Imperial Talkies, Bombay.

Featuring : Sulochana, Billimoria & others.

The story of the picture is a lot different from the original subject matter. One can feel the nervousness of the producers at every important stage in the adaption of the

original subject. A lot of truthful incidents have been quietly dropped or sympathetically twisted to please the non-Hindu audiences. The story is built round the heroine Anarkali (Sulochana) and certain situations remind you of "Madhuri", Chowdhary's first Talkie. Photography at places is tolerable but otherwise indifferent and poor. Recording is full of defects. The direction of Chowdhary is ambitious, and had he got better artistes with more histrionic talents, he would have given us a much better picture. But, unfortunately, he had rather poor leading artistes who could not even speak the dialogues properly then why talk of action and expressions?

Performances: Sulochana as a heroine and pivot of the picture is a miserable failure.

D. Billimoria tried to do something but failed. His voice is broad and gruff and not capable of conveying any sentiment. The others are not bad.

From the Box-office view point the picture is a failure. Great things were expected but the picture failed to attract probably because of Sulochana. She is fast becoming a back number.

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"Soldier's Sweet-heart"

Produced by: Ranjit Film Co.
 Directed by: Chandulal Shah
 Featuring: Gohur and E. Billimoria
 Released at: West End Talkies

"Get this and get it straight baby. We ain't gonner let them Ghati bozoes noospaper scoop over us. I am here to say we ain't and I don't mean we are."

In some such Yankee slangue our Bhai Chandulal must have given vent to his pent up feelings when he decided to go cent per cent colour and that too, hand coloured at that, to startle the Indian cine fans. And surely why should the Prabhat, run by the hated Ghatis, have the sole honour of presenting multi-coloured "Sairandhri." And so, you cine fans, you have a Ranjit production with the Chandulal stamp on it—the "Sipah-ni-Sajani"—to give it its Swadeshi title.

To be quite fair to the technician staff of the Ranjits they have come out with flying colours. The hand colouring of the picture, on the whole, is quite creditable, some of the shots being exceptionably fine, with all the charm and beauty that natural colours can lend to a scene. At places, specially in panning shots, the audibility is impaired and the pictures are blurred, but in an effort

to colour a picture by hand you can't expect better results. So once again I say, hats off to you, the laboratory staff of the Ranjits.

As for the story and the general direction of the picture they bear the hall mark of the personality of the Director. And that is saying everything you have got to say. In the words of the Bhai Chandulal the picture is of Rajwada type, with Rajas, Maharajas, Rajkumaris, soldiers and the inevitable clowns thrown in, all linked together by fights and 'brave' deeds a la **Ranjit**. There is hardly any logical sequence of events or any grip in the story. Even from the spectacular point of view the settings are of a mediocre type with bizarre effects. In some places the settings tremble and shake down with the weight of the august stars! The outdoor scenes are equally of the hackneyed variety taken in the usual locations round about Bombay.

The acting honours are all carried by Gohur. She plays her role intelligently and with perfect understanding. What the direction lacks she makes up by her natural grace and sweet abandon. The pity of it is that she has not yet found the right director or the proper story to show off her real histrionic talents. You can always expect Gohur to put her best in the picture and the "Sipahi ni-Sajani" is no exception.

I have always wondered why the Ranjits could not find a better hero to play opposite Gohur than E. Billi-



A Scene from "Aseer-i-Havis"

moria. I know that I run the risk of offending Bill's fans but I must say that Bill is rather wooden as a lover; he seems to need some jerk to get him out of his screen self-complacency. He can never register any emotion on his blank, immobile face and at times he tries to measure swords with Charlie for clowning honours. Well, any way the Billimoria brothers are lucky guys and they must thank their stars and their fans who praise them.

How many picture-goers can enthuse over the silly stupid, piffing and fatuous doings of Charlie and his companion is beyond my comprehension. But when you double the dose of silly stuff in the picture I say it is the limit. And as if that was not enough we have the Gadre find of Ram Apte thrown in as a consolation prize. Even on the Marathi stage this boy "prodigy" was a failure and it beats my beans why this back number is resurrected.

The Ranjits have never been known for the musical merit of their pictures and no one expects any songs from Gohur or Bill to haunt you in your dreams. But a couple of songs by the music director rendered in person are really beautiful. And what is more important they are quite appropriate to heighten the effect of the jail scenes and to stir emotions in the hearts of the hero and heroine in captivity. On the whole not a bad effort on Chandu-

lal's part to brighten up Ranjit affairs in the cine world by going all colour!

The Last Days of Pompeii.

Produced by: RKO Radio Pictures.

Released at: Wellington Talkies. Bombay.

Featuring: Preston Foster, Alan Hale, David Holt Basil Rathbone, Dorothy Wilson and others.

This picture drew crowded houses for weeks at the Wellington. It is one of the triumphs of the screen art. The story though slender, is attractively woven in a maze of gorgeous and spectacular scenes which proclaim the picture as an outstanding success. Photography and technic are superb. Recording is excellent. Direction is clever. The volcano scenes will take a long time to forget.

Unfortunately, projection and reproduction at the Wellington are not happy. The theatre is not satisfactory from the viewpoint of acoustics, while photographic effects were considerably compromised owing to a dull mirror reflector.

The picture is bound to run very well at all stations. It is a super successful picture.

PARIJAT PICTURES, Sangli

present

ANDHERI DUNIYA

FEATURING:

Mr. Chintamanrao Kolhatkar	-	-
Master Mohite	-	-
Master Dinanath	-	-
Sushiladevi	-	-
Bai Jaitunbai	-	-
Prema Borkar	-	-

A FIRST PARIJAT PICTURE

SAGAR'S SUPER !
SMASH THRILLS ♦

The first word in Entertainment
The last word in Thrills

DECCAN QUEEN

Watch at your favourable
Theatre

And then Gay Birds in
HINDI AND GUJARATI

JIVANLATA
LION OF SAGAR.

FORGET NOT SAGAR
has to give the best, because all
——— *rely on Sagar* ———

●
SAGAR MOVIE TONE
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She is coming the Speed-queen

Like a Lightning
Like a Bullet
Like a Bomb!

Driven by Ruthless Tortue

HATE
PITY
LOVE and
SACRIFICE

She is coming the speed-queen

Featuring :—

ARUNADEV & SURENDRA NATH
and Bhudo Advani, Pesi Patel, Pande
Kayamali, Mehdi Razak Gulzar, Kamala
and inimitable Master Ramchandra.

Director :—MAHBOOB

Photography :—FARADOONA IRANI

Recording :—B.R. PATEL



Prema Borkar in
Parijat Pictures'
"ANDHERI DUNIYA "

Howlers of the Month

The Editor of "Mouj Majah" is asked by a reader whether Ratan Bai and Hafisji are married. His reply is: "It is beyond my abilities to give a definite reply as I am afraid of looking straight at some private lives" Poor fellow, no wonder, he has got a cock-eye.

Box-office Tip for the Month: A wrestling match on the stage as a side performance with Gohur and Ratan Bai contesting for honours will draw a record house even for Nanda's "Sacred Ganges" at the Olympia Talkies. If you cannot believe that—try if Chandulal and Hafisji allow them to do so.

The other day the Aga Khan condescended to visit the Imperial Talkies to see "Mother" produced by the Bombay Talkies, Ltd. Welcoming the Aga Khan, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, the Chairman of the producing Company, said that the presence of His Highness was a gesture of encouragement not only to the Company but to the whole film industry of India.

Wonder whether the Aga Khan would have lent his presence to another company.

"Sipahi - ki - Sajni" Ranjit's production featuring "Gowrangi" Gohur is presented to the public in a hand coloured print. This is a noble attempt of Chandulal Shah to put colour where it does not stick. Buck up Chandulal, we shall see Gohur in new 'colours' now

By the way, we must not forget to congratulate Chandulal Shah on his excellent work in presenting the family with a bonnie baby boy. He is the "Prince of Wales" and heir to the Ranjit 'gadi.' We wish the

little warrior a long life and prosperity and big luck. Undoubtedly Chandulal's best production of the life.

Khan Bahadur Ardeskar Irani seems to be bent on declaring with a vengeance that he is still a pioneer of our film industry. His latest ambition is technicolour and he is already dreaming of a well equipped colour process laboratory and whispers to people that the colour camera is already on its way—on the waters. Now we shall see the girls and boys as they are. If they are all presented in true colours this is how some of them will look in the films:—

- 1 Sulochana—Pale and washed out.
- 2 Rosie—yellow like a Western Chinese.
- 3 Dulari—brown with patches of yellow.
- 4 Zilloo—dark brown with a sprinkling of black.
- 5 D. Billimoria—deep brown with a heavy cover of fur.
- 6 Mubarak—dark and polished like the Moor of Venice.
- 7 Kumar—brown with patches of Hazeline Snow.
- 8 Gulam Mahomed—brown and yellow like a Tartar.

The only red ones will be Ardeskar Irani and Chowdhary—the one with temper, the other with spirits. The Champion Mummy will be Eusufally Abdulally, the sleeping partner.

Mr. Lala of Golden Eagle Movie-tone is producing "Piya-ki-Jogan." We believe him as we have seen him out with a "Jogan" while he was looking like a meek "Sanyasi." The only trouble was that the "Jogan" was in

skirts and looked like an "American Sanyasin." Indeed, a saintly method of production.

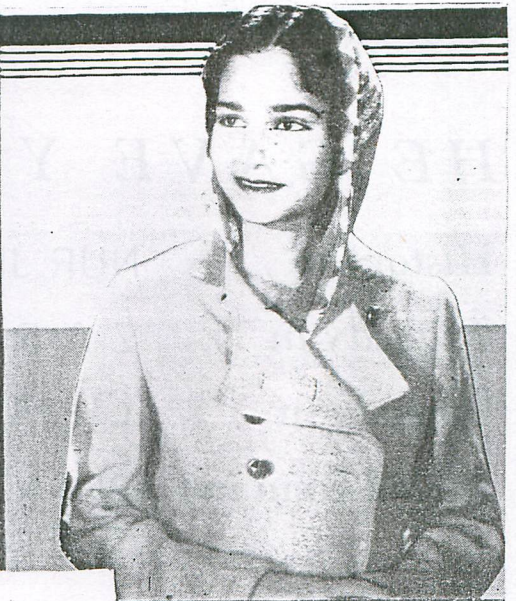
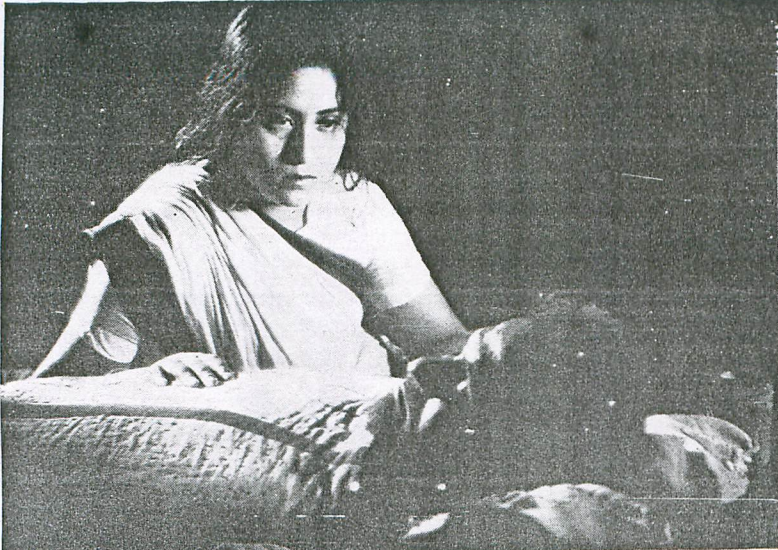
Brain Twister of the Month: She is alone at Saroj in Bombay while he is in a crowd at Calcutta. No prize is offered for the correct solution.

More than 1000 bales of cotton are purchased by the Universal to be used as properties during the filming of the levee scenes in "Show Boat", now being produced by the well known producer, Carl Laemmle, jr, with Irene Dunn starred. It is not known whether there was reaction on our Kacha Khandi market here.

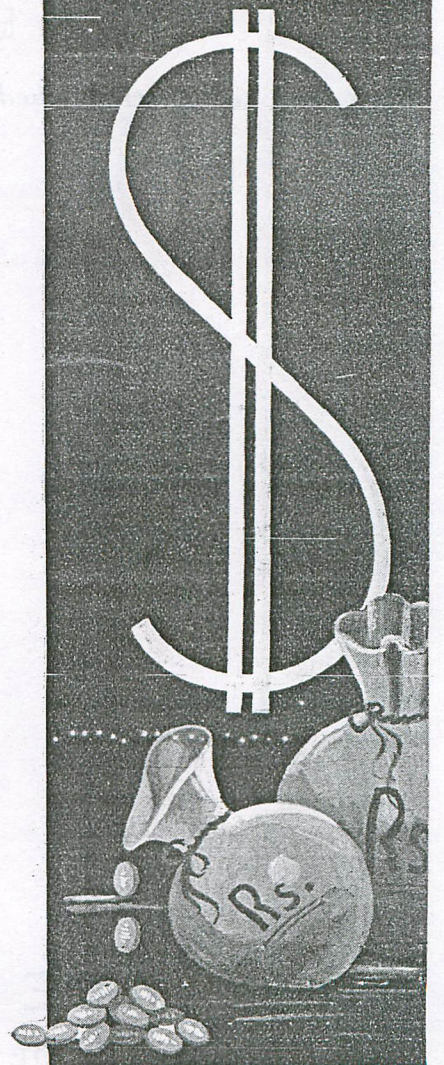
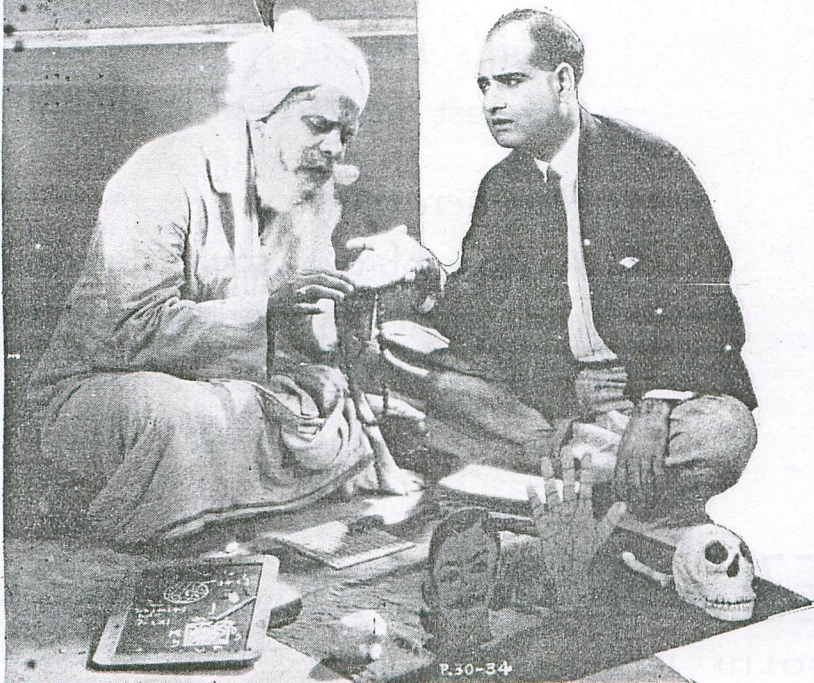
Margaret Sullavan turned the tables on the "Next Time We Love" set at the Universal City. She asked her "stand-in", Patsy Green, to autograph a photograph for her. We have yet to hear of our first rate stars, who have ceased to reflect light, to retire from the screenland.

Wallace Reid, Jr., who has just completed a role in the Universal's "Adventures of Frank Merriwell", is continuing his father's hobby of collecting pipes. Starting with the late actor's collection of 30 odd and unusual pipes, young Reid has now 80. Director Sarpotdar of the Imperial has not yet decided to go back to his father's calling.

Ronald Colman's first picture, a two-reel comedy, was made in a vacant house in London and was never publicly shown. No reason for some of our producers to blush at the ramshackle iron sheds that pass for studios.



★ ★ STARS
in New Theatres
MILLIONAIRE



HE GAVE YOU

History in - NUR JEHAN

Tragedy in - Z A R I N A

Comedy in - *The* MADCAP

Melodrama in - PHANTOM of
THE HILLS

Dramas in - RASHIDA
My BELOVED

Each one a Distinguished Production

And now he gives you

Struggle:

It is Life Mirrored on the Screen

Devil's Dice:

Greatest detective-mystery thriller

Regeneration:

A story of two souls destroyed
and Regenerated in the mightiest
drama of the year - - -

Remember

THEY ARE **LEZIRAMIR** PRODUCTIONS

THE HALLMARK OF SOLID INSPIRATION AND ENTERTAINMENT

Studio Close-Ups

Studio Close-ups

Picture-goers in the city are in for a spate of good luck, judging by the advance 'copy' that both Indian and foreign producers have been sending us. The Indian producers seem to be putting their best foot forward and trying their utmost to find out new talent and exploiting the old favourites.

#

Imperial Film Co.

Director Sarpotdar's CHALTA PUTLA refused to be a current coin with the cine fans. The picture flopped from the first week and orders have gone for the ace of the Directors in the hands of the Company to go on with their pictures with double speed.

#

Talking of the Imperial Film Co. one is intrigued why the managers of the Imperial Cinema cut short the career of DR. MADHURIKA when the picture was receiving such a good response from the public. Is it because the gods in power could not resist the temptation of ALWAYS TELL YOUR WIFE and MOTHER? Or is it sweet persuasion of the RAI BAHADUR that is so irresistible? In any case it was very unkind on the public that a first rate picture like Sagar's DR. MADHURIKA should be substituted by another 'boost' picture of the Bombay Talkies with neither appeal nor art in the picture.

Malayan Picture at Radha's

The shooting of the Malayan film "DR. SAMSI", featuring the Royal Balinese dancers, is now complete. The picture is directed by the Russian W. Klimanoff and the technical side is entrusted to Tarit Basu.

#

Radha's are busy making a screen version of the famous Bengal novelist, Bankim Chandra Chatterji's novel "BISA-BRIKSHA." Great care is taken in the choice of the cast, and the full list is not yet out. However Kanan Bala and Shanta Gupta have been assigned the two leading roles. Another

film with which the Radha Studio is busy is the Urdu crime thriller "KUNTHAHAR". It has an all star cast including Kananabala, Indira (Efi. Hippolet) and Kabuli "THUNDERBOLT" one more Urdu thriller featuring Rajkumari, Chandra and Bashir, is completed for final release

Shalini Cinetone

Pandit Shiv Kumar is busy in the editing room with "ASEER-I-HAVIS". It will be shortly released.

A powerful story depicting the ways of the Indian Shylock and the plight of the peasant is in hand. The scenario is from the pen of the well-known Marathi playwright, Vishnupant Oundhkar. Baburao Painter will wield the megaphone. The picture will be available in the Marathi version.



"Shanta Apte" with her irresistible smile.

Sangeet Movietone

Bai Jaddanbai, the well known singer and the proprietor of the Sangeet Movietone, has taken up a bold subject for the forthcoming picture "MADAME FASHION." The story, dialogue and the direction is all in her hands. Baby Rani and the youthful A. Hoosein, who appear in the leads, will capture the hearts of the audience. "MADAME FASHION" is to be released at the Imperial Cinema, after "Deccan Queen."

"TRANSPORTATION FOR LIFE" is the next social picture on which Bai Jaddanbai will be busy. A. Hoosain will have another opportunity of revealing his talents. Baby Rani who is becoming the idol of cine fans will get full scope for her versatile genius.

Mr. Bhavnani's "JUNG BANDHUR" is having a good reception in North India and is shortly due to be released in Bombay. Prabha who makes her debut in the screen realm, is the chief attraction of the picture. "DILAWAR" with Moti, Navin and Prabha, is in the editing room and awaits release. Pandit Narottam Vyas is busy writing a problem story for Bhavnani.

Mr. P. C. Barua contradicts the report that he has severed his connection with the New Theatres of Calcutta. We are glad that the news has turned out to be false. May Barua and the New Theatres combination continue as strong as ever.

Director Debaki Bose is busy with the shooting of the two versions of East India's "SONERI SANSAR." We are told that Debaki Bose has set up huge sets for the picture depicting the slum life of modern Indian cities.

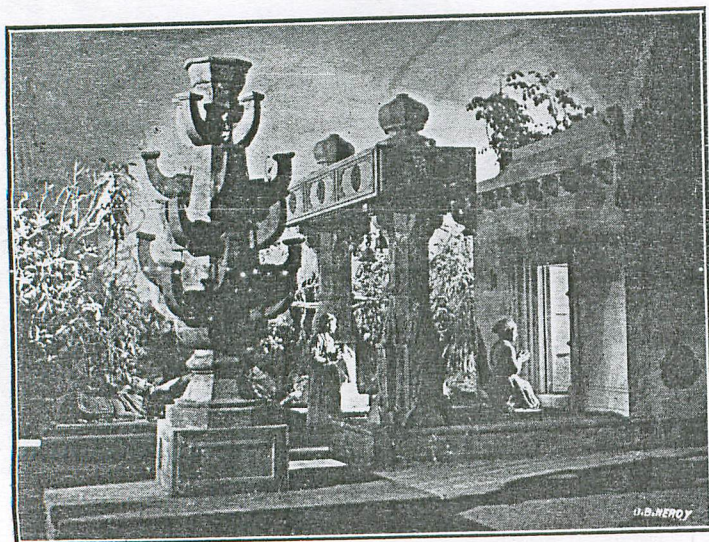
Director Kaldar is busy with the shooting of a gorgeous scene depicting the luxurious life of the Moghul period.

The newly started Quality Pictures have finished their BYAHAR DHAN and the director Hem Gupta is busy in the editing room. The public will soon have an opportunity of appreciating their ambitious venture.

National Theatres have finished more than half of their "JAN BAZ MALKA" portraying the intrigues and the internal feuds amongst the Rajputs in the decadent days of the Moghuls. Messrs. Bulchandani and Banerjee are putting their best efforts to give the finishing touches to the picture.

Karnatak Talkies Ltd., (Dharwar.)

The latest venture in film land is the appearance of the Karnatak Talkies Ltd. It is started under the good auspices of such distinguished patronage as that of Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya and the services of the well-known Telugu actor, T. Raghavacharya. Their maiden hit is a beautiful story from the life of Kabir entitled "DINBANDHU KABIR."



A Scene from "Rajput Ramni"

Wadia Movietone

The Lamington Talkies, the picture house that has undergone so many transformations, is now taken up by the Wadias. It is completely renovated and their PAHADI KANYA, depicting Bhil life, is shown there.

We are promised another railway stunt picture by Director Homi Wadia, who by the way is the pioneer of this type of picture since the days of the silent films. Unlike their silent picture, "TOOFAN MAIL", "FRONTIER MAIL" is stated to be somewhat different from the usual run of railway stunts. And you can trust the Wadias to know their clients.



A Scene from 'Aseer-i-Havis'

Sagar

Sagars have released their "DECCAN QUEEN" with a great flourish of fanfares and here, too, we have a new comer in the person of ARUNA DEVI, a daughter of the Land of the Five Rivers. Aruna Devi puts on a good amount of dare-devilry on the screen. Mehboob has staked his all on this picture and with Budo, the comic star of Sagars to aid him, the DECCAN QUEEN ought to have a good run.

Sagar's other set has been busy putting the finishing touches to JIVAN LATA featuring the idol of the millions, Sabita Devi, GAY BIRDS is just awaiting release with Sobhana Samarth, Moti and Yakub leading the cast.

Mr. Luhar will soon begin the filming of Mr. K. M. Munshi's historical novel, PATAN-NI-PRABHUTA.

Ezra Mir Gets Busy

Ezra Mir, the indefatigable director, has rolled up his sleeves. He is tackling three different pictures simultaneously and all of them are on their way to completion. Mr. Mir's first picture to be completed will be the "STRUGGLE", (JIVANSANGRAM) and it is booked to be shown at the Bharat Talkies, Calcutta. The picture is a fine portrayal of modern Indian life and in the hands of Mir the screen version preserves all the beauty of the original story.

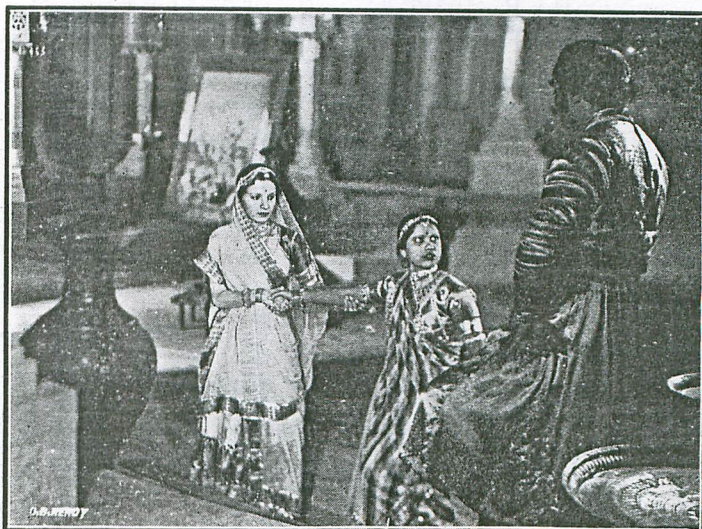
The second picture is a thriller based on a detective novel entitled "DEVIL'S DICE". The film is now in the cutting room receiving the attention of the editor. "REGENERATION," the third picture, is also nearing its end. JEHAN-ARA BEGUM KAJJAN is featured in all the three pictures, supported by an able and intelligent cast.

* * * *

Prabhat

Prabhats have a big surprise up their sleeves in the new picture directed by Mr. Shantaram. The cast is led by one of their former finds—

Durga Khote—with Chandra Mohan, Vasanti and Shanta Apte to assist her. The name of the picture is still undecided but after all what is in a name. A rose smells as sweet by whatever name you call it and when the picture bears the hall mark of Prabhat the cine fan is assured of a quality picture, tuneful music and spectacular settings.



A shot from Prabhat's 'Rajput Ramni' with Nalini Turkhad & Shanta Apte

* * *

From Success to Success



MR. ABDEALLY

Within the short space of 15 months Mr. K. M. Modi and Mr. Abdeally Moosaji, have made the Western India Theatres a name amongst the Exhibitors. They are at present controlling 15 Picture Houses in Bombay, Poona, Kirkee, Secunderabad and Hyderabad - - - We wish the pair more success and still better luck in time to come - - -



MR. MODY

Bombay Pictures

Mr. H. D. Bode is feverishly busy putting the last minute touches to one of the spectacular pictures of the year "SHAHEED-E-MOHABBAT." Mumtaz Banoo featured in the film ably supported by an intelligent cast. The picture will soon be released in a Bombay picture house.

Bombay Talkies

The Bombay Talkies, after a forced holiday, as their chief star, Devika Rani was at Calcutta, have started with their latest picture — ABHAGINI—the UNFORTUNATE DAMSEL. We are assured that this picture, though unfortunately labelled, will be a better box-office attraction than their previous films. The Malad studio is buzzing with activity and the stay at Calcutta seems to have done a lot of good to Devika Rani. The Director, Himansu Rai, is working to get the picture finished before the rains set in.

East India Film Co.

The first Persian talkie, LEILA MAJNUN, by the East India Film Company (Calcutta) is now being directed by Mr. E. Spenta with a team of well-known Persian artistes led by that charming Miss Vaziri.

Huns Pictures

Huns Pictures maiden hit "Holy Crime" promises to be a triumph of cinema art. Mr. Baburao Pendharkar and Leela are given star roles in the picture, with spectacular and magnificent scenes as additional attractions. The picture is fast progressing and should be available to picture goers early.

#

Kolhapur Cinetone

That we in India are not far behind our Hollywood brethren is demonstrated by the stupendous amount spent in producing "Gangavataran." The direction and production of the picture is in the hands of Dada Saheb Phalke, the G. O. M. of Indian film land. With such a man as Phalke at the helm of affairs, a million rupees or even more, as the organisers advertise proudly, is quite believable as the cost of the production. It is safe, therefore, to expect a first rate picture when such a lavish amount is spent. The cast is led by Chitnis with Mrs. Mishra, Mahananda and Balabai and others to support her. Their forthcoming attractions are "Woman's Challenge," "Din Dan, ya" and "Damaji."

Pictures have Come
and Pictures have Gone

but

GANGAVATARAN

● will ever remain green in the memory of
Cine Goers

● A MILLION RUPEE PRODUCTION

● Spectacular, Stupendous, Highly Entertaining,
Technically Perfect

● Director :
DADASAHEB PHALKE

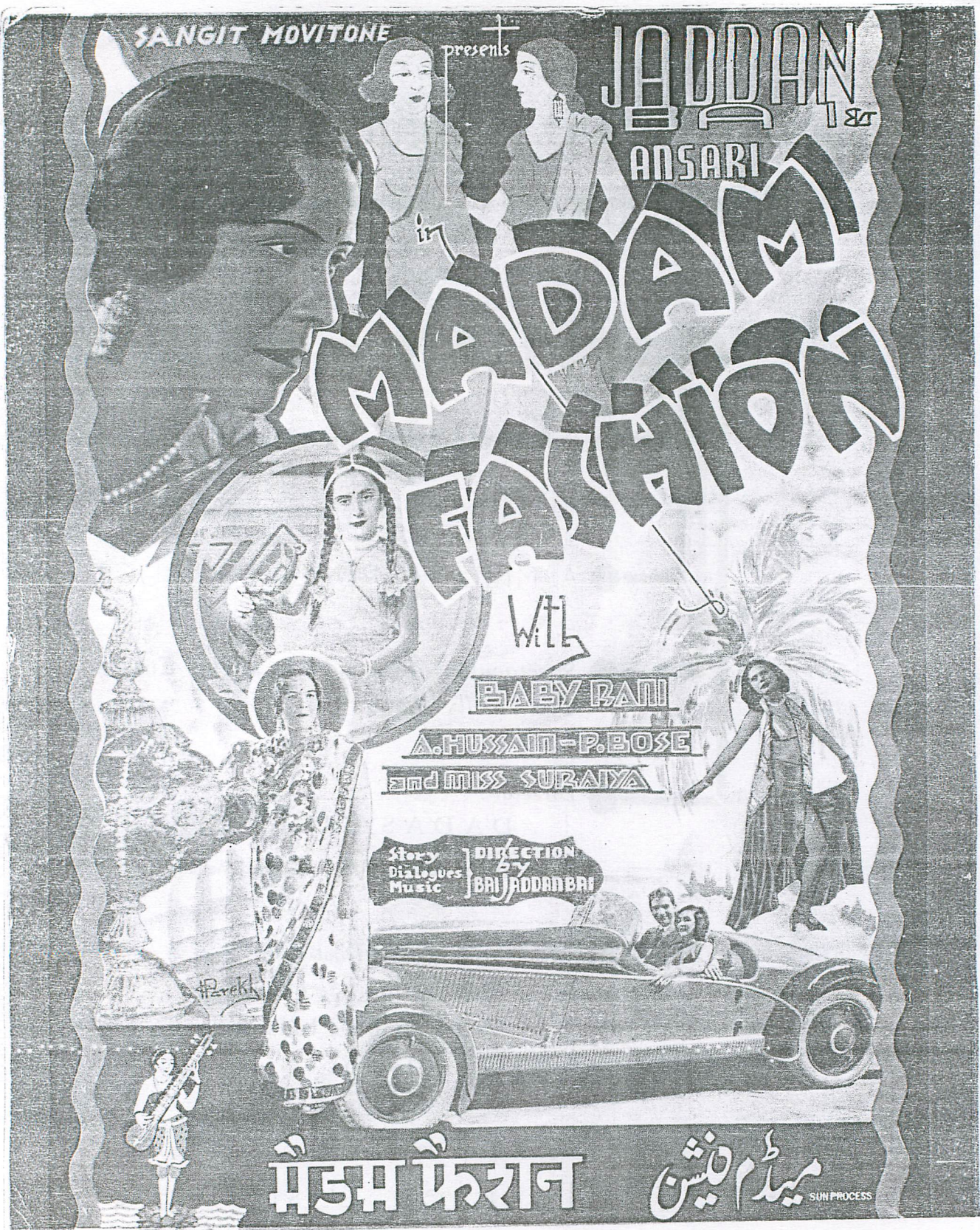
Featuring : Chitnis, Mrs. Mishra, Mahananda and Balabai

● Our Forthcoming Attractions :

1. Woman's Challenge
2. Times of India (*Din Duniya*)
3. Damaji

Apply for Booking :

Kolhapur Talkies Distributors
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Watch

for the

Date

of the

Gala

Opening

Coming at:— **THE IMPERIAL CINEMA** Lamington Road
 WITH
RIGHT ROYAL GRANDEUR
 TO

Nurse Your Thoughts

Feed Your Imagination

Smash Your So Called Society